

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

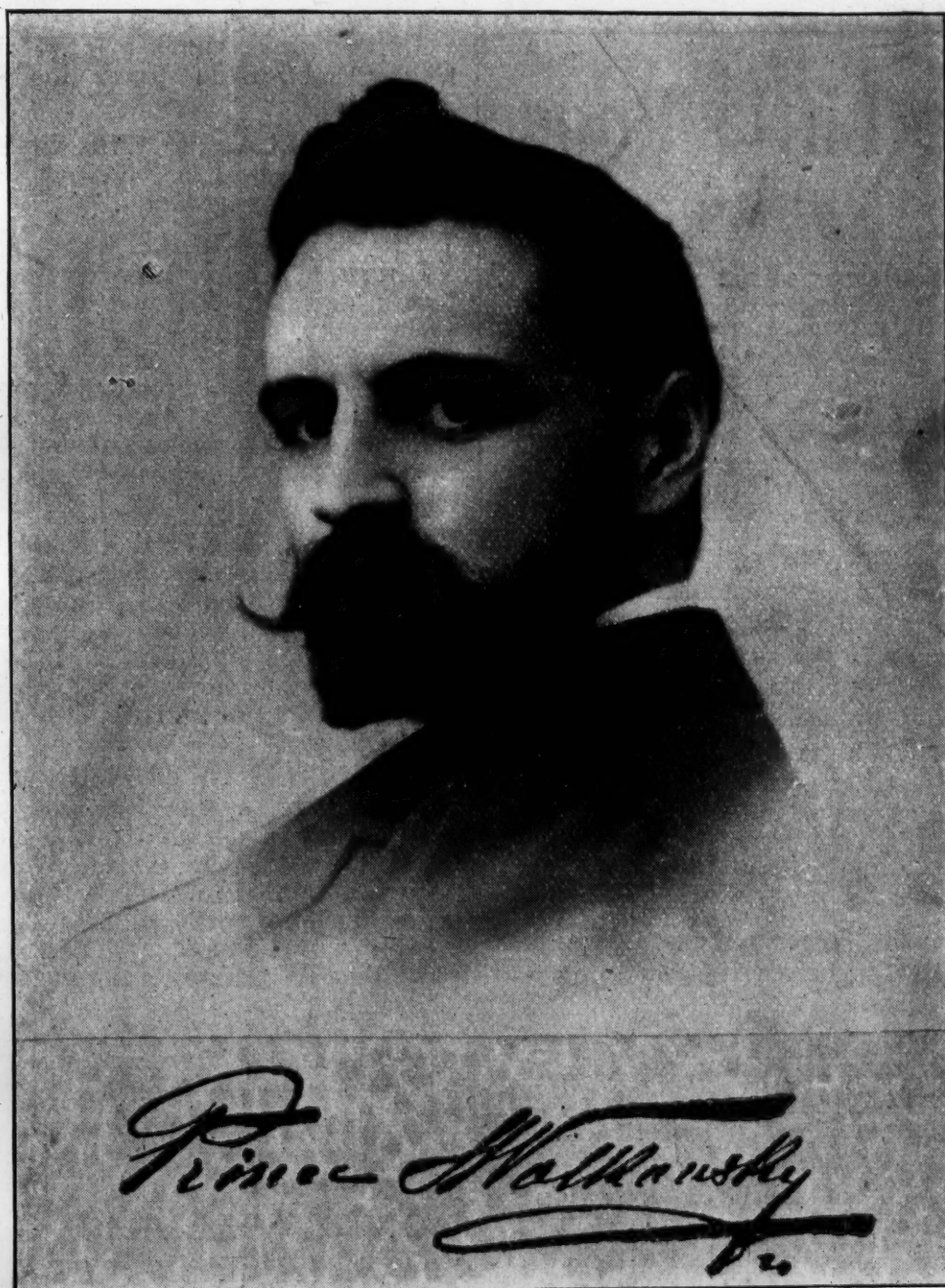
OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.

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THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1896.

NUMBER 8.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—From *Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

*The plague of gold strikes far and near,
And deep and strong it enters:
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change
And marked, like sheep, with figures.*

Be pitiful, O God!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

An exchange carries a pretty bit of spring poetry which contains the couplet:

*"Life will soon be one delight,
I have seen the bluebird's wing!"*

That depends. Suppose it is seen on a lady's hat? What does it prophesy?—Dreary nature, drearier human nature.

The *Free Church Record* for April is full of aggressive self-consciousness which proves life, but not the highest life. There seems to be considerable anxiety and uncertainty concerning the question as to "who started the first free church." We are more interested in the easier question as to who started the last free church and who is going to start the next free church. Let us look forward, brethren.

The fourth of May next will be the centennial anniversary of the birth of Horace Mann, the prophet of public education and more than any other man the father of our common school system. New York City, the whole state of Iowa, and we hope the city of Chicago, and why not the whole United States, will take official recognition of the day in the public schools. Mr. Mann's name and memory are doubly dear to the readers of *The New Unity*. We would be glad to make our issue of May seventh as much as possible a Horace Mann memorial. If those who are blessed by

the personal ministrations of this great man, students of Antioch and others, will send us brief reminiscences, tributes, incidents, etc., we will be glad to print them. Make them brief so there will be room for many. All such matter should be in hand if possible no later than May first.

A private correspondent writes: "While in Washington we went to the new National Library building. What a wonderful structure it is! How beautiful the marbles that are used in its construction! How imposing it is in its magnitude, how fine in its proportions! Washington is a fine city and we wonder that we do not visit it oftener." We are glad to print this word of appreciation in the line of recent editorial comment upon this building. It is good to encourage a patriotism based upon an appreciation of the best things in our country.

The catalogue of the Meadville Theological School for the current year has just reached us. It shows a faculty of five resident professors, seven non-resident lecturers, two instructors and a librarian; a senior class of nine and a total attendance of thirty-three, two of whom are women. The courses of study show marked adaptation to the requirements of the new day and an adjustment to the new problems. But even yet they leave a sense of remoteness upon the mind. There is a sad deficiency in what might be called technical helps or professional suggestions that will fit a young man to the business of the ministry, the business of helping souls, saving lives, quickening communities, in short, running a seven-day church for the help of man. We commend to the board of instruction and the trustees of this, and more other theological schools, a careful perusal of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "A Singular Life."

The program of the Western Unitarian Anniversaries, published last week, and obtainable on application to the secretary in circular form, is its own commendation. The opening sermon by Mr. Simmons is an attraction in itself that will create a desire in many to leave their homes and come. The practical papers which will discuss the missionary relations of the Western Conference to the local conferences, the American Unitarian Association and the Liberal Congress, will introduce in a vital way the business problems before the conference. The problem of religious organization among the young is a great one if it could only be discussed by the representatives of the young themselves, but if it is a discussion by preachers of young people, the discussion may be interesting, but the result may not be so vital. Mr. Lord's study of the relation of the church to the progressive woman and large place made for what might be called religious pedagogy, make the program altogether attractive. Arrangements will be made for as cheap accommoda-

tion as possible of delegates in neighboring hotels and boarding houses, and All Souls Church itself will offer as much hospitality as lies within its power. The noon-day lunches will keep the delegates together, and the closing social occasion on Thursday evening will further advance acquaintance. This meeting deserves a full attendance and we hope it will receive its deserts.

No one can doubt that the bicycle has come to stay. The nice discovery that the human form can balance itself so dexterously upon so narrow a base has added immensely to the resources of human life. The wheel is becoming everybody's wagon, but it has its temptations and its dangers. The coming of the pleasant days brings it again into important direct competition with the pulpit. It invites not only Sunday recreation but Sunday dissipation. Thousands will fly as with wings, out of the city into the country, but, alas! not to find country solitude, but to find city hilarity and city dissipations in possession of forest and field. If the question is forced between wheel or church, it is not difficult to see how thousands of well-meaning young men and women will decide. If it can be brought to the church and the wheel, then there may be more chance for good sense and temperance to prevail. To do this church officials should take the initiative and do all they can to make it possible for the bicycle rider to attend church. This they can do by providing for the care of his wheel, as now all properly equipped country churches provide for the protection of the horses. Let the churches take steps to equip themselves with bicycle stables with attendants, who will check the prized property, thus securing its safety. In turn the bicyclers should on Sunday morning so modify costume, spirit, ambition and gymnastic zeal that they may with decency and comfort find themselves among worshipers and reverent listeners. Let the legitimate recreation that may come before or after be thus chastened, elevated by an infusion of mind and an appreciative awakening to the sanctities of beauty and the inspirations of duty.

Zerah Masters.—This is a name that has dropped out of notice in current Unity news, but a name that calls forth vivid recollections to those who were at the Meadville Theological School in 1867-9. Mr. Masters left the wheelwright's bench in Michigan in obedience to the high summons of the spirit uttered by Emerson and his associates. Already he had passed the conventional school period. He was a man with a man's maturity of judgment among us boys. It was upon his shelves that the present writer first encountered the writings of Robert Browning, some of which are now among the treasures of his library. After his graduation in 1869, Mr. Masters took up the work at Kenosha, Wis. After that there was some good work done by him at Berlin, Waupaca, New London and other lumbering points on the Fox in Wisconsin. But the frail body could not stand the tension of continuous study. The sword continually fretted the scabbard and he had to return to his bench. He used to say that his mind worked best when he had his hands on the jack plane. From Wisconsin he drifted westward to Nebraska and became a hard-working farmer, but al-

ways the fire burned bright on the inner altar. There he became an oracle of helpfulness to his neighbor, a John the Baptist voice in that pioneer country. During the World's Fair he came to Chicago and the editor of THE NEW UNITY renewed acquaintance with him and found the same old devotion to the interests of humanity and the love of high ideals. A few weeks ago word came that he was nearing the shore, a paralytic stroke had sounded the warning. He was willing to go "but," the letter said, "he would go a little more contentedly if his old friend," the present writer, "could give him the assurance that he would stand beside the silent coffin and voice to his old neighbors and farm associates the open gospel of love to man and trust in God." The assurance hastened back but three hours before the letter reached him, on the 11th inst., the silver cord was loosed, and Prof. Hunt, formerly of the University of Nebraska, read passages which Mr. Masters had selected for the purpose and added fitting words of his own. He was buried near his home in Syracuse, Neb. "When his eyes were already dim," the letter says, "when the mail came he said 'Let me take NEW UNITY into my hand and see if I can feel anything of the dear old comradeship.'" Brave, loyal, tender companion! Farewell and Hail!

We are glad that our readers will be greeted in this number by the genial face of Prince Wolkonsky, with whose fame the readers of THE NEW UNITY are already familiar, and many of them are familiar with his face. In our pulpit department we invite him to preach this week, giving the better part of the address which he gave at the recent Convocation of the University of Chicago to an immense and delighted audience in the Auditorium. We have taken pains to ascertain some of the leading facts in the life of this young apostle of culture and liberality and give below perhaps the most authoritative if not the fullest sketch offered American readers. Serge Wolkonsky is still a young man, having been born in a country place near Reval on the Baltic Sea, in 1860. He was educated first at home under the direction of his father and mother, then in one of the gymnasiums (High School of Petersburg) and graduated at St. Petersburg University in the department of history and philology in 1884. For several years he served in the elective service of the "Provincial Self Government" in connection with educational and judicial interests. He had much to do with the affairs of rural schools for peasantry. His taste for travel and literary study carried him from these local interests and immersed him more and more into literary and artistic studies. In 1892 he was selected by the minister of public education to represent his department at the World's Fair. He came here without any dream of participating in any of the Congresses or other public activities, but the spirit of Chicago was contagious and fortunately he yielded to the inspiration and was heard in several of the Congresses, particularly at the Parliament of Religions. This brought him invitations to lecture at Harvard, Cornell, Washington University, St. Louis, California University and the Leland Stanford. He returned home by the way of India and found on his desk an invitation to give a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston on the

history and literature of his country. It was to deliver this course that he returned this season. He has already been heard in Boston, at Cambridge, before the Columbia University at New York, and at Washington, D. C., and he is to deliver the lectures at St. Louis and at Cornell. The course presents a picture of Russia's history and intellectual development from its origin up to date. The Prince is a champion of the idea often expressed by Goethe, viz., that "literature must become the strongest agent in bringing together the different nations." The unifying potency of literature is well set forth in his convocation address. His lectures in this country are opportune. It is the first time that the Russian people have been shown graphically in America on their educating and uplifting side. The dark side of Russia as revealed in Siberian prisons and Jewish persecutions are ever in our mind. We remember the touching pathos of his last words at the closing session of the Parliament of Religions, "I wish the sympathy you have shown to me personally might be extended over my people whom you know so little and whom I love so much." The tendency of his present work is to extend this deeper acquaintance and to increase the sympathy with the people who have given us Tolstoi, Tourgeneff, Pushkin, Verestchagen and others. Surely the Russia that freed its serfs in such splendid fashion, that stood by the United States in the hour of its darkness because it was struggling for freedom, that inspired these writers and has made the matter and the method of Prince Wolkonsky, is a Russia we need to know more of.

Boodlers and "Boodles."

Last week we spoke of the disgraces of municipal politics, not only in Chicago, but in most of our American cities, and of some cheerful indications of a rising spirit of reform. But it is useless to hope that this humiliation can be removed until we go deeper than we ever have yet in our search for municipal iniquity. We have dwelt upon the power of the saloon, the tyranny of the "boss" and the delusion of the party man, all of which is well, but we have not sufficiently realized that perhaps the deepest root of all this corruption is to be found in the growing greed and increasing tyranny of wealth.

The passion for money among the poor is obvious. It is to a certain extent measurable. We can watch it and oftentimes discover the wrong methods and fell results. But not so with the machinations of boundless capital. They who, having reached the million, use that million to gain the second million, and the two million to gain the four million, and so on in geometrical ratio, the passion for which greatly out-reaches the passion for the first million. There has been something hollow in the sentences of even the most stalwart, sincere and radical of our sentences in this campaign. The word "boodle" has been often upon our lips and with effect. Some twenty-six of those who in the city council of Chicago last year dared stoop to sell their votes for personal gain, have been remanded to private life, and the four such that won their way back did it only at a great increase of money and other investments and the most obvious shrinkage

in their majorities. This is well. But we have not sufficiently realized that for every vote sold there was a vote bought, that every boodler in the city of Chicago is matched not by one, but by many "boodles," if we may coin a barbarous word, and upon their heads has not yet fallen the thunderbolts of public indignation, they have not received the blighting scorn of public sentiment, while before God and the ultimate bar of human judgment they are the more culpable, for the crime of many of these boodlers rests at least in the ameliorating conditions of previous poverty, of small powers and not much moral or religious pretensions. They sinned out of their weakness, their poverty and oftentimes out of their ignorance, while these seducers of public servants, these traducers of public trusts sinned out of the might of their millions. They sinned behind the damning cloak of respectability, public respect and pious pretension. These poor victims of public contempts, the men pronounced by the Voters' League as unworthy of public vote, fought hard for their re-election, they paid heavy. One candidate is reported as throwing handfuls of greenbacks into the crowd with the genial suggestion that "they might go and beer up." It is suggested that another staked half his property on his re-election; and the righteous sneer at all this, and say: "Well they might, they were but investing their ill-gotten gains, they were paying back to the public a part of their unholy profits." But where are those who bought there poor victims with their yellow gold? The reform campaign cost perhaps about six thousand dollars. It was money legitimately invested. It was an educational fund used to enlighten the voters of Chicago. This money, we are told, came easy. There is a comfortable sum left in the bank to begin another campaign with. It also came largely from wealthy men, as it should, but what if some of this is conscience money or still worse, varnish money, coming out of the banks and the bankers, the capitalists and the speculators that have fattened on the illicit franchises of the city of Chicago? Wealth made by the unholy dealings with boodling aldermen, not this last year alone, but for the last thirty years. The political corruptions that are cradled in saloons are not so formidable, they are more easily exposed and it is easier to break them up than those other corruptions about which bank directors must know something. It is fair to presume that the bulk of the money that brought disgrace upon the aldermen last year was Chicago money. It is owned by Chicago men to-day, most of them live in the Lake Front belt, and many of them presumably contributed to the Voters' League Fund. They are the silk stocking men, the kid gloved worshipers in tall steeple churches. The saloon is the gilded palace, and many are the crimes against the state projected and perpetrated behind this gold film. But still worse crimes, more obstinate dangers lurk to-day behind the solid gold, not gilding but gold, all the way through. Perhaps the strongest political machines, the heaviest patronage, the worst combines broken up at the last election in Chicago were those whose head and center were found east of State street, where the marble fronts are, and where the carriages are owned. In the pathetic struggle of the nineteenth ward to free itself from its disgrace and its

humiliation, we find the Italians, the ridiculed "Dagos" in the so-called worst districts, voting right, standing for reform. The defeat of reform came from the more favored end of the ward to the westward, where citizens own their own homes and are pushing up into "Society." This is dealing in no sensation. The mathematics of the situation are unquestionable. If aldermen have sold out, somebody has bought them in. The aldermen have been brought to book. Their buyers still lurk in secrecy and in security, such secrecy and security as is possible only to the subtle cunning that hides behind the blinding screens of extravagant, oftentimes generous wealth. There is more hope for reforming or defeating, as the case may be, the sixty-eight aldermen of Chicago, even of the last year type, than there is of the sixty-eight wealthiest men in Chicago, whose wealth is deeply immeshed in the municipal sins of Chicago. Not simply sins of the aldermanic type, but such sins as county boards, assessors, collectors and the poor victim of misplaced franchises know too well. Even some of the reformers halted on their way to reform when it came to telling the truth about bank directors and their relation to gambling houses and whiskey money. The noblest proof of the true metal of the committee is that they did not flinch but persisted on their way. Oh, the greed of money, sad among the poor, but damnable among those who have more than they can possibly use to their own enhancement and more than they have conscience and intelligence enough to use for the public weal. Of all aristocracies the worst aristocracy is the yellow and unscrupulous aristocracy of gold. With this our American democracy is threatened. With its tyranny are our municipalities bound, and with its iniquities even our reformers have scarcely yet begun to deal.

A Blessed Ministry.

There are indications of a new ministry as well as a new Jesus. The progress is slow, but the steps are sure. Harriet Martineau, in 1836, after a thorough study of Americans, wrote: "The American clergy are the most backward and timid class in society in which they live; self-exiled from the great moral questions of the time; the least informed with true knowledge; the least efficient in virtuous action; the least conscious of that Christian and republican freedom which, as the native atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse." This was a terrible arraignment; but there was too much truth in it. The American clergy, up to the close of the last century, had controlled affairs and politics. The Revolution dethroned them as well as the English king. They were Federals; but when Jefferson overthrew the Federal party their power farther waned. In 1803 they were fully conjoined with the leading politicians to break off New England from the Union, and create a Northern Confederacy, in which only "The Best" should rule. But that failed, and for a long time the clergy of this country occupied a position of less independence of thought, and greater timidity of action than any other class in the world. A few great men broke free like Lyman Beecher, who first in 1817 to 1830 accomplished the miracle of a total abstinence revolution;

Asa Mehan, who established co-education at Oberlin; May and Channing, who dared everything and preached abolition; Theodore Parker, who foresaw and announced the Religion of Humanity.

The first influence in America to bring about a break with bigotry was negro slavery. We owe a great many good things to slavery; and not the least that it roused a class of American preachers to a higher aim and a larger conception of religion. They stopped trying to pare down souls to fit them into Calvinistic mansions in heaven, and began to break the bonds of this earth. The tendency was partly humanitarian. Breaking with ministerial custom, and daring the wrath of Assemblies and Consociations, they became freer in other directions. Channing and May led the way; and Henry Ward Beecher broke down every barrier. At last a minister could walk and dress and talk like other people; could discuss the great questions of the day; and once more undertake to lead the people in the ways of earthly righteousness.

No class of men ought to advance, progress, innovate faster than ministers. Every generation should be providing for a better class of leaders and teachers. The problem just now is, are our theological seminaries what the age needs? It is true that in theology they have of late got in advance of the great assemblies that yearly bring out of their ark the old Westminster catechism and worship it. But are the seminaries the best things? What are they teaching? Rev. C. F. Dole declares in *The Harvard Graduate* of March, that divinity schools are behind the age. That, in fact, what a minister needs is not a special training in theology, but the broadest university training. He must learn to know God in nature, in art, in humanity, and not merely as an unseen, unfelt eternal. It is God in man he has to deal with. He would therefore send men on from college work to university work; not off to a side school in culture, largely mediæval. The *Christian Register* thinks that at least the minister must be kept as far as possible from cloisters and the Fathers. He must know man, and society and nature, and be able to handle sociological, psychological and naturalistic questions.

Religious teaching, like religious creeds, must come to have a basis in science. Thanks to the progress in child study, parents no longer consider it enough that children go to school and church. They look farther to see what is being done with them while there. That education can subvert intellectual ability is now conceded; and it is equally conceded that religious teaching may subvert moral character. Miss Martineau was far ahead of her age when she said: "It is a question whether even gross licentiousness is not at least equally encouraged by the excitement of passionate religious emotions—and it is certain that rank spiritual vices, pride, selfishness, tyranny and superstition spring up luxuriantly in the hotbeds of religious meetings." I have seen children forced to attend "religious meetings," conducted in brute force manner, with brute force logic. The appeals and arguments were intended to excite the mind, not to instruct or guide it. Nothing can be more dangerous; and generally it is fatal to purity and honor. The wretched victim who does

the preaching is himself the most to be pitied. There is at last nothing left to him but a bundle of conceits, prejudices, hates and probably vulgar passions.

The coming minister will preach less, live more. He will be more of a pastor or shepherd. The office will pass very largely over to women; for they more easily adjust themselves to the work that the church must do. He will be not less of a scholar, but far more. He may, and probably will, know less of Hebrew, but he will know more of men. He will be taught to see with, to know with, to feel with the common people, all of whom will be educated people. He will study theology less, but religion more. He will not be so well informed as to what Ambrose or Athanasius thought about Jesus, but he will know Jesus more intimately by independent study. Above all, the coming minister will not be a miserable agnostic, as often happens by reaction from present training. Mr. Dole says: "It may be asked whether there ought not to be special training for the ministry. To this question I am inclined to answer a qualified no. The minister's work differs from other professions in that it is not special. It deals with human life." I go farther, and believe that the one thing above all others that the minister needs is plasticity and adaptability. He must not be turned out of a special mold. He must be able to take men largely as they are, wherever he finds them; and this is eminently true, that he will not find men everywhere the same. Even the farmer learns he must plant and reap in a different way in Kansas from what he was accustomed in New York to do.

But by all odds, the best point made by Mr. Dole is not that ministers should have a broad university and not a narrow divinity school training; but that our universities ought to be in the broadest sense divinity schools. Our higher education is not what it should be and will be. It is not charged with love for right as well as love for light. Knowledge has the precedence of goodness. Every graduate of a university should in the largest sense be a citizen of the state universal, a member of the church universal, a brother of humanity, a child of God.

E. P. P.

Three little maidens were discoursing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year: "My little brother Ned's got a lovely silver mug that Grandma sent him," said the first little girl; "it's just a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from Grandpa, too." "My little brother Walter's got a bee-yutiful carved rattle that Uncle Henry sent him from China," said the second little girl; "Mother's put it away in a drawer to keep till he's grown up." "My little brother Freddy's not half so big as your brothers," said the third child, with an air of one endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph; "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!" —*Youth's Companion*.

Little Mary was saying her prayers to her auntie the other night. She came to a full stop in the middle of them. "Go on, dear," said auntie, kindly, "Let me go to heaven." Little Mary shook her head. "Please, auntie," she said, pleadingly, "I don't want to say that." "Why, dear?" "Cos I heard someone say the other day that papa had gone to the dogs, and please, auntie I'd rather go there."

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Rescuing Souls.

The following communication from the adjutant in charge of the slum work of the Salvation Army in Chicago must appeal powerfully to our readers. We may not agree with her as to her methods, but we must sympathize profoundly with her purpose and rejoice in her triumphs. We hope some of our readers will be able to lend a hand to this appeal, which was written at our request. Editors.

The average man or woman of the world knows from hearsay and very often from experience that this earth-life of ours has somewhere a "seamy side."

All intelligent people are more or less acquainted with the fact that almost universally each city of any size has its attendant "slum."

Again, philanthropic people of every creed are seriously concerned over the problem of "how to better the condition" of the masses—the poor and the vicious—of how to rid the narrow down-town streets of their reeking filth consequent upon the habits of life of the slum dweller. No doubt many who have been liberal in their support of some branch of philanthropic effort are feeling sadly that the problem seems as far as ever from its solution.

To the readers of THE NEW UNITY we will but put forth in few words a simple statement of the Salvation Army's efforts on behalf of the poorest and most wretched inhabitants of our great cities.

To reach them we must go to them. Not as a preceptor, but as a neighbor, a friend, a sister to become in the strength and power of God literally a savior. It is especially woman's work.

Our leaders yearned to help those deepest down in sin and despair and so directed the commencement of this special branch of Salvation Army work, with different methods, but the same principle, as our ordinary lines of warfare. The flag and drum with the conspicuous uniform were laid aside and, dressed as two poor working women, the pioneers of this work in this country began the labor of love, which in the beginning was surrounded with what seemed impregnable barriers, but which has grown in strength and force so amazingly by the blessing of God that we now have our fifty consecrated young women doing this work in most all of the largest cities of the Union. Many barriers have been swept away and precious trophies have been won from these darker battlefields that shine the brighter in testimony of the power of our Christ to save to the uttermost.

The house-to-house visitation, ostensibly seeking the sick in body—but all that is done for the physically sick or needy is done with an aim to reach the sick soul, is kept up day after day. In cases of real need we always help with food and fuel even should our helping them mean sharing our own necessities. But we ever seek to win them by coming so to their level of poverty that we lose (to us the very undesired) halo of "charity-visitor." Many times this undoubtedly means ejection where if we could or would promise pecuniary aid we would be met with deceitful smiles while in their hearts the unworthy defendants would not respect us from the fact of their own self-respect being lowered, and this would be but building with our own hands a barrier to the spiritual truth that we know is their only real hope.

Ah! you will have discovered ere this in these simple lines it is the spiritual power of darkness in the sin-stained life that we recognize as the root of the evil and which we prove must be fought with unflagging zeal by hearts and lives filled in turn with the spiritual power of Light that comes from the Heart of God.

Mrs. S— seemed, oh, so hopeless when we first found

her one day on the verge of delirium tremens in a little dark, back basement off a wretched street. It would take me a long time to tell of how long we toiled for her soul. Oh, the visits we made to her and the many, many visits she made to us, of her oft-repeated prayers and yet how she but seemed to sink lower and lower. She was taken to prison in a patrol wagon out of the little basement one day. A pitiful missive from the city's prison came to me telling where she was and asking us to come and see her. We went, she professed to be converted and for a time did well after she came out. Then she fell again.

But God heard our prayers on her behalf and finally she was fully set free by His power. How rejoiced we were over this miracle of grace. She died soon after in the secret assurance of her peace made with God.

Besides the house-to-house visitation, nursing of sick, caring for helpless little ones, we visit the lowest saloons and dives in the evening for personal dealing with men and women about their souls' salvation. We often kneel in prayer in the midst of the drink, blasphemy and sin. Oh! what my eyes witnessed and my heart felt only last night—near midnight—as we went from place to place seeking "His lost sheep." Oh! if I could only paint with my pen a picture of those convicted faces whose owners huddled around us as we rose from our knees. Oh, the tears we saw and the choking sobs we heard in contrast with oaths and obscene language a few minutes before.

We were glad for the secret Rescue Home God has given us in Englewood that we can offer a way of escape to its shelter for those who will give up sin.

But to my point. Some good cases of conversion have been the results of our evening labors in the haunts of sin.

Then again, when we have established ourselves in a district we open a little hall where salvation meetings are conducted every night. There our people see the young women who hunt them out in their homes; the sisters who sit up with the sick and dying; the familiar faces of those who deal with them at the bar in the saloons and the forms of those who visit them in prison, leading the meeting. Many souls have been won. Glory to our God!

I could quote many instances, but it is the purpose of this brief article to give my readers just a glance at the aim and object of our work now going on in Chicago.

There are six devoted young women living in two of the worst districts of this city engaged in doing this work night and day.

Their lives are entirely devoted to it. In truth, we are what the little boys shouted after us,

"There goes Jesus' agents!"

On account of our being so one with our precious people we keep the address of our rooms where we live private. Friends who desire to know more of this work can inquire by letter or call and see me at 558 West Madison street. (It would, however, be best to make an appointment as I am not always there.) The need of this work in Chicago is appalling!

Day after day in our rounds of visiting what sorrowful scenes of sin, misery, suffering we witness!

Oh! the hundreds of wretched, squalid homes in the great city! The cry of the hopeless thousands of men, women and children sweeps in upon our hearts like a flood. We must help them!

God shall help us.

Yours for their souls' salvation,

IDA M. TURPIN, Adjutant.

A death-blow is a life-blow to some
Who, till they died, did not alive become;
Who, had they lived, had died, but when
They died, vitality begun.

—Emily Dickinson.

Tuskegee Through New Eyes.

BY MABEL HAY BARROWS.

What could be more alluring than the flight from March New England to the summer land of Tuskegee? The peach trees are blooming and the violets have come; but the true summer is to be found in the eyes and hearts of the people. Bostonians know Booker T. Washington; and they well know that where he puts his hand there must be good work, and that where he lives must be fine men and women, but without sharing one cannot realize all the delights of Tuskegee.

If one takes a sleeper in Washington in the morning over the Southern Railway, he finds himself the next morning in Chehaw, where a picturesquely primitive narrow gauge car takes him to Tuskegee. By that time the enchantment has begun. Even before reaching the school, the doffed caps and smiling faces have made one welcome in a new land.

Here we are all colored; and, though some of us are lighter skinned, our brotherhood is perfect. While we are treated like sisters, we are also entertained as princesses. Thus we have a family royal.

We are here to attend the Annual Tuskegee Negro Conference; but at the same time we have been frolicking with the bewitching children, singing with the enthusiastic young people, chatting with the earnest teachers, and have become pupils ourselves. As one of the country-women said in the conference, "I done learn more dis day 'n ever in my life." What have we not learned, what have we not still to learn! The conference itself was a great awakening, but the daily contact with the people is a greater sermon. What sweet gentleness, what serene faith, and what warm generosity! We love them at sight, and longer acquaintance strengthens the attachment.

Nearly a thousand people from fifteen states gathered for this fifth annual conference,—about half of them farmers who had driven with their families from twenty, thirty and forty miles' distance. Mr. Washington's return from New York was impatiently waited; and, when one man called out, "He done come!" the president of the institute was clamorously welcomed.

The speaking was a revelation to us of the Northern colleges. Small skill have we in speaking, though much schooling. These men and women, unschooled, unconscious, spoke freely and strongly, with inborn eloquence and with startling truth. They denounced their overpowering evils,—mortgages, debts and the one-roomed cabin. They stated their desires and their plans for improvement, and reported the progress in their communities. In this the men and women were apt to disagree, to the keen and humorous delight of the audience. When the men cheerfully declared that everything was going well, that they owned more land, mortgaged their crops less, and that the schools kept longer, the women stolidly insisted that some things were as bad as ever. "We're livin' right smart in debt, an' it's de same old debt hangin' over us yet. De men dey don't have any money to throw away; if they had they'd waste it just de same," said one woman.

A hard fight must be fought against their extravagance. The fascinations of snuff, cheap jewelry, gaudy clothes, tobacco, whisky and excursions are hard to be withstood in the country. The apple-and-peanut boy on the trains makes more money in the colored car than in any other, and almost every young man aims to waste six or seven dollars on a pistol. This useless fondness for firearms is particularly harmful. One man testified that he "bought a pistol for \$7, was fined for having it, carried it seven years, an' den giv' it to a white man jes' to get shet of it. A pistol ain't no good 'cept to get 'into trouble." The cigarette horror is strongly felt by the women. One of them spoke of the dangers to her boys from "cigaritts, cigars, and other kind of language."

The following are some of the black nuggets from the speeches of the farmers, reduced to writing by one to the manner born:

I'm hyah agin, thank the Lord, an' so's my son Ramsay.

We doin' middlin' well,—wrestlin' to git shed of debt.

I gwine settle de ole 'count ef I doant hab shifting clo'se.

When yo' go in the store with your week's wages in your pocket, say "No!" when you're asked to buy things you don't need. Don't think you must buy because a white man asks you to. Keep your money, and buy what you *know* you need.

De storekeeper up my way done stop speculatin' in candy, groun' peas an' snuff; dat sho's we's gettin' some sense from tendin' dese conference meetin's.

Ax sum men to build mo' room, dey mek out de dun hab too much already. 'Tain't so. I 'low dat man is de quickest to push his ole 'oman into somebody's wash-tub to git what he mek b'lieve he buy; *de sister are right*.

De 'oman dat lets her gals go prancin' 'roun' wid boys an' no-'count men ain't fit to have chilun; she dun hab chilun by mistake.

I ain't saved much; but I dun borry less dis yeh dat's jes' gone dan eb'r befo'. Gwine to keep on; 'spec' to end in buildin' a house.

I'se mi'ty proud to say to dis conference dat we has a conference in my town, and it he'ps de folks 'long,—stirs um up.

I'm jes dat sot agin a one-room log house dat I tells it whareb'r I go dat *a hog has one room; I wants mo'*.

I tell yo' we's bin 'sleep-lak; dese conferences hab woke us up.

Booker Washington ought to be Pres'dent of de whole South. Dat ain't secession; it's pergression!

De conference dun me dis good: las' yeh I war told hyah dat raisin' onions war a good 'sperimint. I laid one-haf' acre wid 'em. Now I was den sorry dat it 'twa'n't de whole acre.

Some folks is so po' and low down dat dey is oncivilized; dey don't know dat dey is free. We's free up our way, an' gitin' erlong. We bin holdin' conferences lak dis mor'n two yehs now. I owns mo' hogs dan last yeh; nex' time I gwine to own horses.

It doan't do to let comp'ny see jes' how much yo'se got in yo' oven or skillit, nuther; dey'll neb'r leave till dey is bof empty. Dat's the fust reason how come I want mor'n one room.

Dere ain't no more use for snuff, 'scussions an' whisky. S' long as Booker Washington call us to de conference, it's lak coming to a festival, wid dis diffunce: we teks back mor'n we fetched. It mek no diffunce how long you bin fat'ning shotes, dis conference sho' gwine 'prove yo'.

When I met wid yo' befo', I was bending low, full of trouble and loaded wid debt. I didn't know which er way to turn. Ev'ry do' shet in my face, 'cep' Booker Washington's conference do'. 'Tain't so now, bless God! I'm a free man. Mr. Logan war in de bank when I paid de las' cent on de ole mortgage. Hyah's de paper; look at it! I gwine w'ar it out carryin' in my pocket.

Bruderin, we's bin hyah mighty of'n. We eats ev'ry time. Jes' think of dat! Booker Washington feedin' us and all de chilun in de school, too. 'Tain't right! I wants yo' to 'member him when yo's layin' yo' craps and settin' yo' hens, so yo' kin put sun'fin' in de bag fer him when yo' come hyah nex' yeh.

Eb'n ef we dus lib way back in de woods, we ain't a-gwine to put up wid po' preachers.

I must speak, 'cause dis must be said: How cum de men doan't 'spect de womens. Dey don't mek 'em, dat's all!

Folks may be buying less whisky, but yo' cou'd buy a farm wid de money spent out my way fer pistols.

The church is losing; folks can pray better when they have enough to eat and a decent house to sleep in.

De man dat's too good to hoe a row or lead stock to water ain't gwine ter do much wid a book; it's no matter whut one 'tis—de Bible or a 'rithm'tic.

The following declarations were unanimously adopted:

1. We are more and more convinced, as we gather in these annual conferences, that we shall secure our rightful place as citizens in proportion as we possess Christian

character, education and property. To this end we urge parents to exercise rigid care in the control of their children, the doing away with the one-room cabin and the mortgage habit. We urge the purchase of land, improved methods of farming, diversified crops, attention to stock raising, dairying, fruit growing, and more interest in learning the trades, now too much neglected.

2. We urge a larger proportion of our colored educated men and women to give the benefit of their education along industrial lines, and that more educated ministers and teachers settle in the country districts.

3. As in most places, the public schools are in session only three or four months during the year, we urge the people by every means possible to supplement this time by at least three or four additional months each year, that no sacrifice be considered too great to keep the children in school, and that only the best teachers be employed.

4. We note with pleasure the organization of other conferences, and we advise that the number be still more largely increased.

As we look back over the five annual sessions of this conference, we are convinced that marked improvement has been made among the masses in getting rid of the one-room cabin, in the purchase of land, in greater economy, in getting out of debt, in the raising of more food supplies, in the more considerate treatment of women, a greater ~~desire~~ for higher education, a higher standard of morals, and a widespread and intense purpose to get into better conditions.

In a special meeting of the women the home dangers and household evils were rigorously discussed. In many vicinities helpful mothers' meetings have been established, where the older women plan together how to better their homes, to keep their husbands and daughters by them, to learn something of the laws of health, and to consider the influence of their ministers and teachers. Some one encouragingly said, "De morals am a-movin' up;" and, truly, it would seem as if they must be.

In connection with the other meetings a workers' conference for the teachers and ministers has taken place, in which the actual methods for lengthening the school term, training better teachers, putting up better buildings, and urging the importance of the constant attendance of the pupils have been carefully considered.

Though in point of numbers the conference was not so strong this year as it has been before, it is not without cause. The lateness of the season and the necessity of planting detained many farmers. Moreover, there has been a natural sifting out of those who came formerly from mere curiosity. Those who assembled this time were there for earnest work. They must have gone home inspired were they but half as much impressed as their Northern visitors. The conference was a great thing, and the daily contact with the people is no less interesting.

In one short week, so full, so happy, and of so much meaning, we have made friends for a lifetime. When people lose interest in life or when they are discouraged, if they could only visit Tuskegee, and become for a while members of that great family, their hearts and souls would be uplifted.—*The Christian Register*.

A Melioristic View.

It is often asserted that there is and has been during the last quarter of a century a marked moral decadence. One writer says: "It is really not worth one's while to live any more, swept along in the current of licentiousness and immorality which now obtain. There is no longer to be found that high sense of honor and purity which once could be seen in some lives in every community, and which served as an example for the young, at least, to emulate. Life has been lowered to the love of animal enjoyment and all high ideals sacrificed to the dominant idea of getting all the pleasure one can without regard to the consequences to others or one's self. To be a good man nowadays is to be a dreamer without influence, or a fool, in

the opinion of the world. What is of the most importance, it seems, is to accumulate property."

This is a strong arraignment of the spirit and methods of the present day. It is, so far as it relates to a large number of men and women, not too severe, but it is most too sweeping and rather more pessimistic than the facts will warrant.

Human nature is about the same in any given generation that it was in the preceding generation. People do not change suddenly, though at one time there may be manifestations of the lower nature which at other times are restrained, or which display themselves in other ways, under other forms. Men and women are as good now, probably, as they were a quarter of a century ago. There is a vast amount of moral worth which does not appear on the surface and is not as readily seen in public as is much that is open to criticism. Greed is aggressive, vanity flaunts itself in the face of everybody and vice is often utterly shameless; and thus the bad of human nature obtrudes itself upon the public when the virtue and the innumerable acts of disinterested kindness that make life worth living are practiced in private and make no show whatever. A bank robbery is proclaimed throughout the land, but of the honesty of thousands of bankers whose names do not come before the public associated with dishonesty, nothing is said. A man or woman whose name is brought into the divorce courts is a subject of common talk, but of the thousands of husbands and wives who live happy, harmonious lives, nothing is said. A murderer's career usually becomes a matter of general knowledge, but of the millions who have never committed murder the world at large knows nothing. And so, though the papers are full of accounts of crime and vice, sensational reports of which are often dished up for prurient tastes, yet in spite of this fact a large proportion of the population in every community is intelligent, self-respecting and honorable.

Still it must be admitted that there is the dark side of life, and the question is how the tendency to greed, selfishness and sensualism can be overcome. The work of reform is not one that can be accomplished in a day. It may be aided by educational methods and by whatever will lead to the improvement of the social environment and lessen temptation to evil doing. Virtue is a plant of slow growth, and the time when all men and women will have noble aims and high aspirations and will realize in character and conduct lofty ideals of life, is not near at hand. But if we cannot look through the sunny Claude Lorrain glass of optimism, we need not be pessimists. We may, to use the word coined by George Eliot, be meliorists,—believers in the improbability of human conditions and workers for human amelioration.

B. F. M.

A Prayer.

O, my heart fills as yon sky to evening grays,
Seeming like the twilight of my aged days;
Whisperings of the vesper air—
Solitude in silent prayer—
Nature's silence speaks—shall I withhold my praise?

'Tis but to be born, to die, to live always;
Stir the smoldering truth till high its fires blaze!
Clearer, Lord, I see Thy love
Lifting men to Thee above—
Lift the nations from their own self-sordid maze!

Show me what prophetic eye hath said will be
When the hum of earth is heard no more for me.
Teach me yet some act undone
To uplift some fallen one!
Teach me yet that way that stirred all Galilee.

Lord, a wanderer of the night Thou leavest not;
Guide me on in paths aright to truths forgot.
Where the stars so long have shone
Midst a stillness like their own
Wake my soul in morning light to peaceful thought!
Chicago, Ill. —A. Glanville.

The song we never sung
The pine-trees sigh in chorus;
The eyes our eyes must shun
Our hearts keep still before us.

The rose we gathered not
Blooms in the soul forever,
And hands ne'er joined in love
Death has no power to sever.

—Lilla Cabot Perry in the *October Century*.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice
with strength: be not afraid!"

Memory and Responsiveness as Instruments of Culture.

BY PRINCE SERGE WOLKONSKY.

(From the Convocation Address of the Spring Quarter of the University of Chicago, delivered at the Auditorium, Chicago, April 2, 1896.)

* * * There is a continuous coming to the front in all intellectual things, a never-ceasing presence of the past; the capacity of the present moment will never be so small as not to contain the *whole* past in its *entire* volume. The most complicated of modern machinery is controlled by those truths which were observed and stated by early humanity in the misty ages of its infancy, and the little boy who first noticed the concentrating action exercised by a convex glass on the sun's rays, is still alive in the X rays and "Scotography" of Professor Roentgen.

What a wonderful contrast with the physical domain. On one side—expulsion, forcing out, and on the other—preservation, building up. The essential difference of matter and mind appears in this comparison. The principle of physical existence is succession, the principle of intellectual existence is transmission. But transmission implies another act—the acceptance of that which is transmitted. If by transmission we mean the handing over of the present to the future, we call the acceptance of the past by the present, tradition. These two terms are but two different ways of designating the one and the same continuity of intellectual mankind; they measure the same chain only they count the links in opposite directions. Wonderful that chain of human knowledge one end of which is in our minds and the other lost in the depths of centuries; endless, yet never so long as not to be contained in a single human brain. Thus tradition appears as an inherent element, an indispensable condition of man's intellectual development. Those who pretend to instruct themselves and at the same time despise tradition, are unconscious of the abnormality they commit. By expelling from the intellectual life that which constitutes its very principle they deviate from the great channel of intellectual mankind, they sin against nature by introducing the principle of succession in a domain where things obey the principle of transmission; they subject mind to the laws which regulate matter, they aim at instruction by way of destruction. For "what is the original meaning of all instruction?" Max Müller asks, and answers, "It is tradition. * * * the establishment of some kind of continuity between the past, the present and the future. This most primitive form of education and instruction marks everywhere the beginning of civilized life and the very dawn of history." And the poet says:

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.

Continuity with the past and breadth in the present are the measures of culture. A culture without inheritance, or a culture which is not consciously rooted in the acquisitions of the past, is not rational, but equally irrational is a culture which is not *wider* than its past. Only the surplus of culture presented by a generation gives it a place in the ascending march of mankind; a generation which has no intellectual surplus, whose "process" has not helped the "widening" of their father's thought, will have no place of its own in the history of civilization, its passage through earthly existence will mark no constructive moment in the advance of mankind.

If depth in the past and breadth in the present measure the degree of culture, there must be in the human nature two corresponding faculties for training the human intellect in each of these directions. We have seen already that memory is the means by which the chain of traditional culture is lengthened and consolidated; the faculty which helps the increasing widening of culture is—responsiveness. Responsiveness is * * * But shall I really *explain* what responsiveness is? Responsiveness—the most sacred of human faculties, the juvenile survivor of all that grows old and declines and decays, responsiveness—the ever young companion of generations throughout the ages, responsiveness—the warrant of perpetuity for all that is great and noble and beautiful on earth? Shall I really explain the term to this my audience, an audience composed of workers, students and lovers of science? No, who more than you would be apt to understand and to feel the beauty of that word? "There are thoughts," says Emerson, "which always find us young." There are surroundings, should I say, which have the faculty of making us always feel young. A university is old and venerably white-haired through the accumulated knowledge of preceding generations, but when in the vigorous beauty of its

powerful energies it faces the fathomless future with its illimitable prospects, a university is never more than twenty years old. No, I will not explain; I simply appeal to that spirit of youthfulness which breathes in your souls, to the palpitating chords of sympathy which vibrate in your hearts, and I shall need no arguments to make you realize that every single man bears in himself the most powerful element of culture and advancement in the sacred faculty of responsiveness to beauty. Where is not beauty in this world? "Wherever are outlets into celestial space," says your sweet philosopher, "wherever is danger and awe, and love—there is beauty." "Lerne nur das Glueck ergreifen denn das Glueck ist immer da," says Goethe: "Only learn to grasp your happiness, for your happiness is always there." The same may be said of beauty, whether moral, scientific or artistic. Beauty is the great unifying and amalgamating force of the disjointed elements of our life. "It is the only spiritual quality of matter," says a Russian writer, "consequently the only link between these two fundamental elements of the universe." What a powerful instigator for the acknowledgment of the universal relationship of things and men, and of men between themselves is the faculty of responsiveness to beauty which we all bear in our hearts. Responsiveness to beauty is the gate through which we enter those superior regions where the tempests of earthly passions lose their power, where political or national distinctions fade away, and where, in the serene neutrality of science and art, a cultivated mind finds its eternal, unalterable fatherland. In our days, when political life has so sharply accentuated itself, when national vulnerability has become so susceptible, so touchy, that a word on one side of the ocean is capable of arousing a tempest on the other, in our days of "spread-eagleism" and jingoism," when the daily press—that gigantic parasite of our intellectual life—seems to delight in exciting appetites of "international cannibalism" or in flattering feelings of "zoölogical patriotism,"—in such days lovers of science and art must raise their standards; stepping over all frontiers, they must raise their voices to the glory of all that is beautiful wherever and whenever it appears; for "beauty," says the Russian philosopher, "is the best part of our real world, the one which not only exists but is worthy of existence." Our own individual life accordingly becomes worthy of existence only in proportion with our responsiveness to beauty. Therefore let us cultivate that faculty of our soul; let us not waste it in shallow enthusiasm for unworthy things; it is too precious a gift, it is a warrant of fraternity, it must become an instrument of social solidarity. Every new chord which vibrates in our hearts is a new point of contact with others, whereas the man who loves nothing loves no one. Scientific or artistic beauty appealing to people of different conditions, awakens in their souls that which is similar to them and thus makes them meet on common ground. Who will ever remember to what social class, to what political faction he belongs when his entire being is enraptured by the tempest of those emotions which invade him at the touch of Shakespeare's, Dante's or Beethoven's genius? "What's so delicious," asks Emerson, "as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling?" What so delicious? I'll tell you what so delicious and even more—the encounter of thousands, of millions, of mankind in a thought or in a feeling is still better than the encounter of two. And what better instrument than art to further such an encounter. Art as the embodiment of beauty, and literature, more particularly, as the most many-sided of all arts and the less dependent upon space and means of execution—is destined to become one of the greatest agents of that unifying tendency which brings men of different social, national, political conditions to a sympathetic meeting on a common ground of universal human feeling. For "in each special field," says Goethe, "whether in history, mythology or fiction, more or less arbitrarily conceived, one sees the trials which are universal always more clearly revealed and shining through what is merely national and personal." If people only would abandon themselves without restriction to the influence of art. But we are so much trained on the lines of human divisions that even in the domain of art, which is entirely based on its appealing to the universal equality of the human soul, we introduce standards of national and political distinctions. How much greater, higher, nobler, are those feelings which are inspired by human similitude compared to those which are determined by human dissimilitude. And yet we never entirely free ourselves from social and political considerations; they always come to the front, and, by their inopportune intrusion, prevent our immediate contact with the highest products of the human mind. Nineteen centuries ago one man asked another whether it was possible that any good could come out of Galilee. Was not the answer eloquent enough? And yet we have never since ceased "inquiring" and "wondering;" and with time those "Galilees" only increased in number; the religious "Galilee," the sectarian, the national, the social, the political "Galilees" rise like unsurmountable

barriers which divide humanity, sow mistrust in human hearts and poison the free and genuine intercourse of human intellects. O, let us not allow similar considerations to walk over the precinct of science and art and to contaminate the purity of intellectual enjoyments; let us not allow national hatred, political misunderstandings, prejudices against an epoch, antipathy against an individual, to steal in between our soul and a work of science or a work of art. All these are venomous feelings, but their sting is turned against ourselves; they have no power of wounding the work, for science and art are invulnerable and flourish on in their serene tranquility above the reptiles of human narrow-mindedness. It is not whence he comes we must ask of a man of science or an artist—but where he goes, where he leads us, and then, let us open our hearts and follow him.

Yes, let us approach the work of science or the work of art with that same oblivion of human distinctions with which we fly to the salvation of a man who runs a mortal peril. Like unto a burning glass let us gather and concentrate the irradiating beams of beauty so as to light in our hearts the glow of responsiveness and sympathy; let us preserve in our soul the divine gift of admiration, let it not be intimidated, let it not be trampled upon by outside considerations which have nothing to do with science or with art. People strain their minds in order to decide whether science and art are national or cosmopolitan? It seems to me as hollow and useless an attempt as if they were to decide whether the river belongs to the mountain or to the ocean. "That which is truly excellent," says Goethe, "is distinguished by its belonging to all mankind." No, let politics take care of geographical frontiers and illuminate the map of the world with the glaring colors of national divisions, science and art will not allow human minds and human hearts and human souls to be imprisoned within these frontiers. Products of human genius rise above the soil of their birth, and by following them in pure sincerity of admiration, we rise ourselves; thus even national spirit becomes a force which leads us on the way toward universality; therefore it is not a treason against humanity, if we love our fatherland, just as there is no treason against our fatherland if we love humanity. As the oak is virtually contained in the acorn, so the universal importance of a noble feeling is contained in its national significance; for a noble feeling, whatever its object may be—whether family, or fatherland, or mankind, or science or art—always makes us participate with universal life. The great spirit which worketh in the world and which favors the accomplishment of those acts by which humanity advances toward the fulfilment of its destiny is the same everywhere—in every country, in every nation, in every individual—and no geographical limits are wide enough, no political barriers are high enough, no national divisions are profound enough to dismember the unity of the human soul, or to prevent the acknowledgment of this unity from taking root in our conscience.

The Cherubic Pilgrim.

[Translated from a German book written more than two hundred years ago.]

"God's spirit falls on me, as dewdrops on a rose,
If I, but like a rose, my heart to him unclose."

"The soul wherein God dwells—what church can holier be?—
Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty."

"Lo! in the silent night a child to God is born,
And all is brought again that e'er was lost or lorn."

"Could but thy soul, O man, become a silent night,
God would be born in thee, and set all things aright."

"Ye know God but as Lord, hence Lord his name with ye;
I feel him but as Love, and Love his name with me."

"How far from here to Heaven? Not very far, my friend;
A single hearty step will all thy journey end."

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee thy soul is all forlorn."

"Hold there! Where runnest thou? Know heaven is in thee;
Seekest thou for God elsewhere, his face thou'lt never see."

"In all eternity no tone can be so sweet
As where man's heart with God in unison doth beat."

"Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust."

"Ah! would the heart but be a manger for the birth,
God would once more become a Child of earth."

"Immeasurable is the Highest; who but knows it?
And yet the human heart can perfectly inclose it."

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Every soul is where it needs to be.

MON.—No soul is forced. Opportunity is given. The soul uses or abuses that opportunity as it pleases.

TUES.—A sincere love is the most powerful aid one soul can receive from another.

WED.—By action does the soul grow; by action is gained the strength which holds it together.

THURS.—Knowledge worth having is not won without effort and toil.

FRI.—Each soul grows by doing its own thinking, and bearing the burdens of its own responsibilities.

SAT.—The powers which confer most stature and beauty on souls are understanding and love.

Mary Alling Aber.

Our Front Lawns.

There is an old, very old idea that every one has a best foot; and that on social occasions he owes it to society to put that foot foremost. The little white cottages of New England are set just far enough back from the street to allow of a front yard full of peonies and roses and tulips. It was a generous notion, for the back yards were not at all of the same sort. They could not afford it. But, dear public—transient, perhaps only once a passer-by—you should have the very best the house could afford. So up and down the Puritan world the highways were lines of sweetness, and smiles, and pennyroyals, and cinnamon roses, and marigold. Women, for lack of good spatulas, dug with case-knives, and fought the quack and purslane with as much determination as in other fields they fought the devil.

It is a delicious memory I have of the front yard of my boyhood. Picket fences went all around it—nominally to keep out pigs, hens and cows, but in reality to tempt those creatures who never have front yards to break in and rummage. The straight walk from the front gate was bordered on both sides with pinks. Ah, what heaven-born things were pinks—are yet, for that matter. Such profusion of them! So modest! So easily embraced by small fingers! Yes, yes, child! Of course you can pick some! They blossom all the better for picking. You go to gather a bunch for Lucy Luce, your pet schoolmarm in the little brown school-house, when your breath fairly leaves you at the discovery of a Johnny jump-up! No great cat-eyed pansies in those days, but modest, soft-eyed Johnnies. They, too, must be freely picked to make them blossom freely; so we took this first one of spring. I remember only one thing with shame, that the “sturtiums”—nasturtiums is our stilted title—were always planted over in the vegetable garden, along the edge of the onion beds. It was the only glory of nature that our mothers had that was not appreciated. On the hottest days of July we, the present writer, had to leave that front yard and go down into the Gehenna to weed onions or to pick the ‘sturtiums for pickles. Now this glorified outburst of the soul of summer is apotheosized. We have it everywhere, in bed, in vase, in border; and we don’t eat pickles any more. A change of theology has created a change of diet. “Mangoes” even are forgotten; and pickled tripe.

But I have got over the fence. It was in the front yard we were, now “the front lawn,” for we must change fashion, or burst. Our front lawn is a bigger thing. It began by taking down the dear little old pickets. How often we sat straddle of that flat-topped fence, or ran bare-footed along it from one end to the other of our child world. Utica joyously pent up our powers in those days. When the fence was gone, or about that time, the stock law came into force, and cows had to leave the

street. There were no more ambling pigs, and the bull thistles and burdocks were not needed in the streets. Then began a great clearing-up era. We had also let our flowers loose. They were no longer fenced in. They began to claim a right at the two sides and even the back of the buildings. The walks turned into wide drives and encircled the house. Dear me! What an unsettled affair the world is! Progress and liberalism and radicalism in everything! I remember that about this time a veritable Theodore Parker arose in our neighborhood. He would let nothing alone. And almost before we knew our danger we were all converted—done, I suspect, in our sleep. The result was iconoclasm of the worst sort. He said a home of burdocks and stick-tights in the rear, and posies in front, is a sort of agricultural nightmare. Like all right sorts of reformers he began by setting an example. He laid out his homestead with an eye to honest culture and equal beauty in every part of it. He filled the glenway in the rear of his place with refinement and beauty. Walks coaxed visitors in every direction to find new charms. He said he only took nature as he found her and added human nature. I can’t say, only he made us all over. We tried to be the same in our back lots that we were in our front yards. We don’t think it right now to have rubbish, rot and weeds anywhere on the ground that is under our control.

Is this a question of morals? Is there such a thing as a front yard Christian? Is it possible to be all-around Christians? I heard some one disputing the other day about whether there could be a new Christianity. Only a growing Christianity, perhaps; a widening, fence-destroying piety. Our barriers of fifty years ago that separated all sorts of believers have gone like our dooryard pickets. It takes away some pleasant things; for limitation is often comfortable. A rocking-chair is nothing without arms and a high back. But are we not doing very naturally? Just in fact as we have in all things else. We have grown socially, politically, religiously. And now the younger fellows (those I mean under eighty) are growing impatient at the slow progress made in affiliation. They cannot comprehend why love and truth should not at once be triumphant. Poor fellows! If they could go back about one hundred and fifty years with some of us who are pioneers, standing for a moment back of the veriest dream of unity, could hear the incessant rattle of the small arms of sectarianism fired through the pickets, and then come slowly forward to feel the enlarging soul of the churches, to see the creeds pulled up like the dear old bull thistles, they would grow more patient. The narrownesses of our age are rather useful than otherwise. We may go so far as to burn our houses in order to camp out together in the open lot.

E. P. P.

“She Made Home Happy.”

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

Last summer at the burying-ground in my native place I came across a low, white stone bearing this inscription:

“Sacred to the memory of Sarah, wife of Elnathan Lamson. Died 1879, aged 50 years. She made Home happy.”

As far back as I remember myself, I remember this Sarah, “who made home happy.” The family lived just around the corner from us in a rambling old house that had never seen paint. There were seven children all older than I. How could it be, I asked my memory, that the mother of the brood had been only fifty in the year of ’79? I recalled that her forehead was lined, and I had thought her quite old in the early sixties, when I first knew her.

Luckily the little brown house belonged to Mrs. Lamson. Half an acre of land was about it, and in spring she had Jabez Dutton plow it. Then she and the children planted it, as time and strength permitted. She took in washings, and was not a rugged woman, so there were intervals when the pig-weeds and mullens, the thistles and the tick-seed, waxed tall and lush, and the purslane crept over the ground quite undisturbed by the hoe, for the children went to school, and in summer as much washing as possible must be done to provide against the bitter winter when people economized and wore their clothes two weeks. Elnathan, commonly spoken of as “Old lazy Lamson,” had

been given a horse and wagon by his exasperated neighbors, and was, according to his own version, "a traveling merchant." He gathered rags and ashes, for which he gave in barter cheap tin, equally cheap glass and writing paper, and pins, needles and soap. He was a large, lardy-complexioned man, and spent his many hours of leisure meditatively smoking on the back steps. If a pane of glass was broken, Mrs. Lamson must hire it put in. When the gate hinges rusted off, she repaired damages with the leather of an old bootleg, and used a stone for a hammer. In spring she whitewashed and papered as she could afford it. In the parlor was a rag carpet, and in the girls' bedroom were braided mats. The best window curtains were of coarse Amoskeag factory, carefully bleached and edged with home-made fringe. The only washstands in the house were boxes set on end and draped with calico. The washbowls were of tin, and the towels of the coarsest.

Snow drifted in at the front door and across the children's beds, and filled the sidewalk to the fence top. Lazy Lamson let his wife and children wallow out as they could, and burrow a track. He said he had "a difficulty with his back," and "couldn't no ways exert himself without bringing on a spell." All the Lamson tribe I knew of were afflicted with a "difficulty" and subject to "spells" that necessitated a great deal of exertion on the part of those to whom they were unluckily tied. If the last degree of shiftlessness was to be described, the old residents summed up the matter by saying, "Well, like the Lamsons." But this characterization never included Mrs. Sarah Lamson or her children.

Her neighbors living in fine houses invited her to afternoon tea, and called upon her, and, in every subtle way possible to a country town, were politely oblivious of her unfortunate surroundings. It was the current tradition that she came of good family, and spite of the washtub and her toil in her garden, she had the bearing and manners of a gentlewoman. Exhaustion and impatience would have driven any ordinary woman into an irritability loud-voiced and bitter-tongued. Not so Mrs. Lamson. No house in all the neighborhood was so loved by all the children. Snaggled problems grew plain as light under the gentle explanations which she could give in intervals of rubbing or ironing. Her stories, and she knew no end, all became real, even if the central figure was a fiery dragon who boasted three heads and twice as many tails. She had a way of making good conduct lovely and mischief vulgar in your sight; and in her steamy kitchen, bare of comfort, she by some mysterious magic compelled your very best manners. Bread and molasses there, were a greater treat than pound cake and jelly-water elsewhere. Why, we could not have told. If asked, we would have said, with a mysterious but unsatisfying candor, "Because." No one was surprised, when Miss Fitch came from Utica and opened a class in drawing, that Maria Lamson, who had a pretty gift with the pencil, should bring an ancient parchment emblazoned in faded gold and crimson with her mother's father's coat-of-arms, and beg to be taught how to copy it. Old Lazy might be a nobody, and the children might feel the shadow of his name, but if Mrs. Lamson's fingers were wrinkled with much suds, that she was a lady and a woman of consideration was never questioned.

I stood long before the low, white stone, stung that she had been set down only as "Sarah, wife of Elnathan Lamson." The seven children she bore are leading respected and useful lives, scattered afar. With them is "Old Lazy," sure to round out a century unless some accident takes him off, for the Lamsons are long-lived. When he dies they will no doubt set above him a record chronicling that he was a Lamson of the Lamsons, and there will vanish from among men a name and nothing more. But time, which crumbles stone, will, I console myself, vindicate Sarah, the unnamed daughter of a once knightly house. She, "who made home happy," will bless every life in which her blood has part, until that blood shall itself turn to dust and disappear from earth, so mighty can a soul be even in a little place.—*The Advance*.

The Little Things.

"One little grain in the sandy bars;
One little flower in the field of flowers;
One little star in a heaven of stars;
One little hour in a year of hours,—
What if it makes, or what if it mars?

"But the bar is built of the little grains;
And the little flowers make the meadows gay;
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains."

Books and Authors.

(Publishers' Department.)

A Dakota Day.

The wind blows chill to-day
A-hillward from the plain;
It wails and sighs, and swells and dies,
And moans across the grain.

The clouds above hang gray
And weep upon the sod;
In the rain-soaked air the prairies bare
Are grim and stern as God.

The wild hawk sweeps the sky,
The ducks hide in the marsh;
Where the foothills rise the cayote cries,—
And the wind blows chill and harsh.

Upon this wind-worn waste
Of somber gray and black,
All that the eye—twixt earth and sky—
Can see is a *small sod shack*.

—John Northern Hilliard.

Literary Notes.

Chicago is to have, it is said, three new magazines! The first of which will be *Elliott's Magazine*.

The last volume from the Klemm Press and printed by William Morris, is entitled "Poems Chosen out of the Works of Robert Herrick," and is edited by F. S. Ellis from the text of 1648.

The issues from the Bible House in New York during the month of March were 79,141 volumes. The issues during the year ending March 31, not including those issued in foreign lands, were 966,702 volumes.

Mark Twain's friends have letters from the family of the humorist saying that he has quite recovered from his illness and gone on with his reading tour. His public appearances in Australia have been immensely successful, and are helping to restore his great financial losses of recent years.

Robert Louis Stephenson was an exceedingly modest genius. In one of his last letters he said: "I am a fictitious article, and have long known it. I do not think it possible to have fewer illusions than I have. I sometimes wish I had more. But I cannot take myself seriously as an artist; the limitations are too obvious."

Young authors will be interested in the announcement that the publishers of *McClure's Magazine* will spend twenty thousand dollars for short stories the coming year. All stories accepted will be liberally paid for, and new writers will meet with special welcome. Stories of from two to six thousand words are of the desired length.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is interesting and nearly always amusing in whatever he tells us, whether it be an artist's life in some picturesque corner of the world, a simple sketch of an old mountaineer making friends with a low-down dog, and the squirrels in the woods, or a study in Irish like "Tom Grogan," which has just been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Gilbert Parker's stories are being taken up by the French and a decided interest is being awakened in Paris in this author's work. Not less than three of the leading Parisian papers are printing different stories from his "Pierre and His People," while another paper, *Le Monde Moderne*, makes Mr. Parker's personality known to its readers through his portrait and an exhaustive sketch of his life and works.

A complete edition of the works of Robert Browning, in two volumes, with fresh historical and biographical notes; an annotated edition, under Canon Ainger's care, of Hood's poems; a translation (in connection with J. M. Dent & Co.) of the works of Alphonse Daudet, illustrated, in monthly

volumes, beginning with "Tartarin of Tarascon," and Comenius' "Great Diactic," are to be undertaken by Macmillan & Co.

It is said that Mexican millers have to pay thirty-two separate taxes before they can get wheat from the field to the consumer in the form of flour. This is of a piece of the whole system of taxes in Mexico, which is set forth by David A. Wells in an article on "Taxation in Literature and History," to appear in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* for May. Some very curious and oppressive taxes prevailing in France before the Revolution are described in the same paper.

A collection of about eighty songs with bright, sparkling melodies, arranged with piano accompaniments by Miss Alice M. Judge, is to be published soon by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, under the title of "Supplementary Third Music Reader." As the selections are the same as those in Whiting's Third Music Reader, with the accompaniments added, the book may be used as song-reader in the lower grammar grades, or where music has not been thoroughly taught in the grades above. As the accompanists in the schools have, as a rule, only a slight knowledge of music, these accompaniments have been prepared especially for their use. The songs are of a high order and cannot fail to interest pupils.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published in their Riverside Literature Series (No. 93) Shakespeare's "As You Like It," and (No. 94) Milton's "Paradise Lost," Books I-III, in paper covers, at 15 cents each.

The "As You Like It" is from the Riverside edition edited by Richard Grant White, with additional notes and suggestions for special study.

Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" will soon be issued in the Riverside Literature Series in four parts as Nos. 95-98. Each part, in paper covers, 15 cents. The four parts also bound together in one volume, linen covers, 60 cents.

Each of these books is required for admission to American colleges, and all have been especially edited for this purpose with introductions and notes.

A unique and altogether admirable book called "The School Manual of Classical Music," will shortly appear from the press of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. The editor, Mr. H. W. Hart of Brooklyn, N. Y., has brought together characteristic selections from the works of the great musicians, from operas, oratorios, cantatas, etc., arranging them in simple style for school use, yet losing little or none of their original spirit. The book is divided into three sections—Italian, French, German—each section being arranged chronologically. A short sketch of the composer's life, with his portrait, precedes the collection of numbers from his writings. Thus, while learning the rudiments of music, the pupil may lay the foundation for a wider knowledge, and even should he go no further than this book, he may become better acquainted with the music of the masters, their aims and their histories, than the majority of people now are.

The Outlook Company has arranged with Mr. Justin McCarthy, the famous historian, novelist and political leader, to write for publication in *The Outlook*, a popular life of the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone. Mr. McCarthy has had an intimate personal and political acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone for many years, and is peculiarly fitted to undertake this work. The personal and social sides of Mr. Gladstone's life will be thrown into strong relief. Mr. McCarthy's skill in graphic narrative and in imparting to history the attractive qualities that many readers look for in fiction only, are well illustrated in his book, "The History of Our Own Times." Few books of our generation have had a wider reading on either side of the Atlantic. *The Outlook's* life of Gladstone will be profusely illustrated with portraits, reproductions of drawings, and other pictorial material gathered from many sources. It will form a principal feature of *The Outlook's* illustrated magazine numbers during 1897.

The Study Table.

A Stack of April Magazines.

How tempting in the pile, how exhausting and seductive in detail! So many good things in them that if you ever start to do them "justice" your month is ruined. *The International Journal of Ethics* contains "The Ethics of Religious Conformity," by Henry Sidgwick. Glory enough for one number. * * * *The Century Magazine* has an important contribution to Lincoln literature entitled "Four Lincoln Conspiracies," an article on "The Olympic Games," a searching discussion of the question "Who Are Our Brethren?" by Howells, a tempting glimpse of Vibert, the artist, and a noble Shakespearean sonnet from Horace Spencer Fiske of Chicago. * * * Prof. Moulton makes a positive contribution to the *Biblical World*, of which Dr. Harper is editor, by a mere typographical arrangement of two sonnets from Job, with no note or comment. Literature cannot stand mutilation. Dogma does not seem to be dependent on form, for if the text does not mean anything it is the business of the dogmatist to make it mean something. The Bible seems much more attractive from the living human end than from the assured "divine end." This is an attractive magazine in form and it is educative to those whom it is given to lead. * * * *The North American Review* has further studies of Lincoln's assassination. Prof. Starr tells about the "Pigmy Races of Man," and "the Grand Old Man" of England continues about the future life. It behooves him to be modest and careful in his ventures. One of these days he will go and see how it is. However well he may write concerning this subject, his illustration is worth more than his logic. * * * *The Poet-Lore* does not run out of Shakespeare material. The women seem to come in for the larger share of the attention this time: "The Taming of the Shrew," Shakespeare's "Katharine," Ibsen's "Nora," "Kate, the Curst," etc., etc. * * * *The New England Magazine* travels West to find the larger New England in a very readable article on the "Western Reserve University," and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells gives a quaint glimpse of a "Family Book-Case." * * * Prof. Shaler shows his surprising versatility by giving an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Scottish Element in American Life." Octave Thanet domesticates in a most interesting way "A Son of the Revolution" out in Iowa. * * * *The Lend-A-Hand* contains the annual report of the Ramabai Association. * * * Nothing would more clearly prove where the live line is in human thought to-day than the splendid Quarterly entitled *Political Science*, edited by the Columbia University and published by Ginn & Company. Many are asking, "What is a Party?" Perhaps Prof. A. D. Monroe, of Amherst, helps answer the question in this quarterly. * * * *The Popular Science Monthly* keeps steadily at its old lines of physical and biological science, but it yields to the pressure already referred to. Out of the fourteen contributed articles at least five are sociological, if the "Study of Quacks" can be counted as one of them.

A correspondent with a keen sense of good literature sends a suggestion which we pass on to our readers.—"Do not fail to read 'The Master,' by Zangwill. It is a great book. It is pure in situation, has a deep spiritual significance and its English is so rich and beautiful that it thrills one like grand music, and it throbs with color, with the blended colors of a manifold experience, great imagination and world-wide sympathies. It is a study of character in relation to art, and had it no other value it would be distinctive as a complete reflection of the art theories and the phases of art development of the last twenty-five years."

Municipal Government

IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE. BY ALBERT SHAW. PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK.

The city problem is not only a great one but it is unique. We can study the state in its evolution from the primitive family by the route of the town or tun and the commonweal; but what is the city? In ancient times it was not so much out of relation to the general government. For, in fact, the country had no share in government. The city in Greece was the all. We, inheriting along Anglo-Saxon lines, began with the country. Our early colonists planned only for the country town. The system of education in Massachusetts was a common school for towns of fifty families; higher schools for towns of one hundred, and a university for all.

The city came as an independent factor, and we have

never been able to adapt our popular mechanism to quite take this in. The municipal problem remains a problem. The rise of steam power, and therefore the concentrating of population, began about 1830. A vast influx of foreigners began about 1840. These two causes gave the city a new propulsion. Americans began to look on with amazement and pride at the vast nuclei of population. It soon followed that the city was felt to be an over-bearing social influence, then a preponderating political power. Our young folk hurried from farm life and its isolation to enjoy the "life" of the city. Tammany sent its trains of braves to dictate to national conventions. Only lately, in both Europe and America, the problem has changed from how to build up cities to how to break up cities. "The herding instinct," says a recent writer, "is on the increase." Individualism is weakening. "Socialism is our only natural consequence; it may be our only remedy." Bismarck said, "You Americans do not know how to manage cities."

So it comes about that any light that can be thrown on the subject is very important. We are wide awake at last to the fact that city life is not the most wholesome life, nor are large cities contributive to social economy. They are sure to cover a large mass of social sewerage. Thieves, pimps and the degenerate go there to hide. Then it is asserted that "three generations of city life break down the regenerative tendencies in the average" and tend downward. The city belongs to the manufacturers mainly. The collateral industries of agriculture and commerce are not so closely identified with massing; and so we find agriculturists, who in 1790 numbered 95 per cent of the population, now numbering only 42 per cent.

Mr. Shaw in the two most admirable volumes before us, teaches that cities can be rid of their essential evils as easily as the country can have its swamps drained. This is very far from being proved, even by the best examples he lays before us. On the contrary I believe our best hopes lie in reversing the herding tendencies, as invariably abnormal. This is accomplishing already, in so far that a great suburbanism is growing up. Then it is found that very much which we were accustomed to think could only be done in the city, can as well be done outside the city. Some of our great printing presses are running at a distance from the pavements. Some of the editors, and many of the writers, are living quite in the country. The mails are sure to make connections regularly.

This is not all; we are the creatures of power. Steam power cannot be carried far. It must be used near where it is generated. The workers must come together. But in England the Parliamentary Commission tells us that the coal will not last another hundred years. In this country Orton assures us that it will not last half that time; and of course with coal goes out steam power. If electricity is to take its place, we have a new power that is distributive and centrifugal in handling work and workers.

Let us notice too that new social centers are being formed by the telephone. My own house forms one of a single group of about twenty houses, including mostly farmhouses, but also a physician, a druggist, and a post-office. These houses are from a half-mile to a mile apart. They are so interlinked that we can transact business, or carry on gentle gossip when we please. The isolation of farmhouses and other country houses can in this way be abrogated. On the whole the outlook is, we believe, toward an overwhelming social revolution. Instead of the old-fashioned town bound together by horse-power, we shall have new social groupings made by electrical appliances. We only yet touch the threshold of the era when population will be equalized over the whole land.

None the less these two volumes constitute a most important contribution, not only to literature, but to the optimistic outlook for the next half-century. "A Study of Glasgow" or "Birmingham—Its Civic Life and Expansion," should be in the hands of every political thinker in the United States. The study of Paris is in some respects equally important. We were just ripe for these books. Dr. Shaw has shown that a great editor is not less able to do some other great things. In fact, just now, in both Europe and America, the editors of daily and other journals are steadily coming to the front in every field of social power.

E. P. P.

Life of Thomas Hutchinson.

(By James K. Hosmer—Published by Houghton & Mifflin, Boston.)

If asked to make out a list of a dozen books best calculated to inspire young Americans to fine manhood and good citizenship, I should every time select for one of them "A Short History of Anglo-Saxon Freedom," by J. K. Hosmer. This book is preëminent for stimulating qualities. Again and again I do by it as I do by Wendell Phillips' Phi Beta Kappa oration, I go back to it, read it awhile, quote it for a dozen purposes, knowing it looks backward well, but only to see the better forward. Yet I could

hardly put inferior to this book "Sam Adams" and "Young Sir Harry Vane," by the same author. Houghton & Mifflin have had either good luck or fine discrimination in giving us books that have inherent life. Now Mr. Hosmer gives us a fourth volume, as wholesome, ennobling even in many ways as the others; it is the life of the last of the royal governors of Massachusetts. It is a curious fact that we are just coming to a period when we can endure to have the truth told about our pets, our enemies, our whims, our virtues, and our blunders. A real historic integrity is demanded and appreciated. Poor Thomas Hutchinson had the sad lot to be on the wrong side; and yet not so wrong intellectually as morally. He was loyal to an idea that will yet come true—a united English speaking Anglo-Saxon race,—a grand union for the world's good. But it could never take place under subjection to an English king, however honest; or even an English parliament. The idea of the free federation of independent states had to be worked out. I cannot undertake a review of this admirable and delicious work. It must be read. It is the story of a man who loved New England so well that he mourned continually that he could not go back there to at least die and be buried.

E. P. P.

Moral Evolution.

(By George Harris, D. D.—Published by Houghton & Mifflin, Boston.)

Here is a book at last that makes the bridge complete. Dr. McCosh and other orthodox theologians have accepted evolution "as in fact teaching orthodoxy." Dr. Harris accepts it as the correct fundamental science and philosophy of the universe. Out and out evolutionists have for some time ceased to be agnostics. Of noted evolutionists I know not half a dozen that do not have a conviction of God and immortality, as of noted scientists there is but one Calvinist left in America. It is to be hoped he will not change, because we need historic landmarks. But while theologians have been yielding the ground of hypernaturalism they have not confessed it. By hook or crook they have found supernaturalism in evolution. Another class has confessed that evolution is miserably true; but that it fails to account for a moral being and for morals. These have quoted Wallace with great satisfaction. Dr. Harris disposes of this point by saying, "Ethical man may find a war in his members, but the war does not rage because ethical man is evolved man."

"The perfection of the character of Jesus consisted in his own conscious obedience to the will of God, his Father." Take this whole chapter and I cannot see but what we who have been avowed evolutionists without regard to consequences can accord with every word of it. But how can I read without deep and grateful pleasure such passages as these:

"Belief in the birth of Jesus from a virgin I do not regard as an essential doctrine of Christianity." As to the resurrection, "Tracing progress up through nature and humanity to God and immortality, evolution presents no insuperable objection to the resurrection of Jesus; but leaves the belief to stand or fall with its meaning and reason and evidence. Evolution fixes no point beyond which there can be no farther advance in the development of man."

We have been surfeited with books professing to accept evolution; but for ulterior purposes, and so trying to play tricks on the reader's intelligence. Joseph Cook splurged with his evolution kite over the moon, and ended in contortions and evolutions of his own, as he tumbled back into a sand dune. Drummond has sent the world greeting at each stage of his very slow progress through the elemental facts of science. McCosh, with Scotch humor, accepted the new theory, and at once baptized it into the Presbyterian Church. Kidd tries to prove it to be irrational but true—"One after another races and civilizations are used up in the process of evolution." So so! and therefore evolution is not so much of a matter after all. We must amend and supplement it with "supernatural revelation." That is practically what Mivart makes of it. But Dr. Harris has given us an honest book. It is also a very able book. There is only a great deal too much between the covers. There is too much of an effort to give us all the good things he has discussed in the classroom.

E. P. P.

The spirit of the worm beneath the sod,
In love and worship, blends itself with God.

—Shelley.

"If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you."—Charles Kingsley.

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The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

O, Wind of God.

O, wind of God that sweetly blows
From southlands and the sun,
To conquer frost, release the snows,
And let bright rivers run!

O, wind that brings the birds again,
With grasses growing wide,
That with the sunshine sends the rain—
Till fields are glorified!

Blow blessedly upon my heart,
Drive winter from my mind,
Give me the springtide's better part,
And dream of heaven, sweet wind!

William Brunton.

CHICAGO.—On Monday, 13th inst., through the courtesy of Dr. Hirsch, the liberal ministers of Chicago and vicinity took lunch at the Union League club house. Eighteen sat down together and several others sent regrets, among whom were Dr. Thomas, Mr. Stolz and Dr. Mangasarian, but there were representatives of the Universalists, Jews, Unitarians, Independents, urban and suburban ministers. Philip Ayres, secretary of the Bureau of Charities, was present and was called upon to report the progress of his important work. Some other matters were discussed formally, many other matters informally. These are occasions which always justify themselves and always provoke the question, "Why do we not do it oftener?"

JEWISH.—Abram Messing, a young graduate of the Cincinnati Theological School, has begun his work as Rabbi of the PEORIA congregation. He is a son of Rabbi A. J. Messing of Chicago and a young man for whom his friends predict a brilliant career. We welcome young Messing into the fraternity of THE NEW UNITY. We trust that his people as well as he himself will find frequent contact and heartiest fellowship first with the Chicago fraternity and then with the Congress fraternity throughout the country.

TOLEDO, OHIO.—A large and highly appreciative audience assembled at the Church of Our Father last night to enjoy the evening of Browning arranged by Mrs. A. G. Jennings. Truly was it a feast for mind

and soul from beginning to end. Mrs. Jennings has made a deep study of the life and works of this poet, and is exceedingly well qualified to talk interestingly and authoritatively of his philosophy and poetry.

The subject of the lecture, Robert Browning as a Poet and Teacher of the Nineteenth Century, had attracted the notice of studious people, interested in intellectual pursuits, and they listened with rapt attention to the carefully prepared, earnest lecture by Mrs. Jennings. They were not disappointed in what she had to offer, for the lecture throughout gave proof of thorough conscientious study and a grasp of the poet's thoughts and purposes which is given to but few. Preceding a somewhat detailed analysis of the poet's philosophy, the speaker contrasted science and poetry, the scientist and the poet, explaining the position each occupies in the world. To the former is given the power to obtain much knowledge that is of inestimable value to the world, but to the poet is given the intuitive faculty, or whatever you may call it, of grasping thoughts which reach beyond this life, and which lift humanity to a broader, nobler life. Quotations were made from many poems in proof of her assertions in regard to Browning's philosophy, and in closing she lamented the fact that the poet was not better understood, and that more people did not accept as their own his theories of life, and his solution of the problems of everyday living. Interest in the poet's works is, however, increasing, and thinking people all over the world are reaching out as never before for thoughts from this poet and teacher of the nineteenth century.—*Toledo Daily Blade.*

WOMAN'S WORK.—The Medical School for Women in St. PETERSBURG has recently received forty-eight thousand dollars from the government, eleven thousand five hundred from the city, and two hundred thousand from private sources. * * * Twelve hundred women voters registered in KANSAS CITY this spring. * * * Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has recently been preaching in the Unitarian Church at WATERTOWN. Rev. Anna H. Shaw has been preaching in the Methodist Church at SAN FRANCISCO. Miss Elinor R. Edwards, a Baptist, is a teacher in the Moody Training School. Miss Maggie Van Cott is conducting revival meetings in CHICAGO. Miss I. S. Macduff has been speaking at the Universalist Church at WARREN, MASS. Ten of the forty-one students at Tufts College are women. Mrs. L. D. Cochran is preaching in the Unitarian Church at BAR HARBOR,

ME., and Rev. Lottie D. Crossley has been acting as chaplain of the Ohio State Senate. This looks as though women knew how to preach, or at least, that they are determined soon to learn how. Let there be more women preachers only so they be good ones. A woman cannot sanctify nonsense any more than can man. Saving grace implies saving power. * * * Miss Mabel H. Barrows is a veritable daughter of her father and mother, she takes to newspaper work by inheritance. Samuel J. Barrows, her father, and Mrs. Isabel Barrows, her mother, are editors of the *Christian Register*. Miss Barrows has an interesting article in the *Woman's Journal* of the 11th inst. on "Women in the Black Belt." According to this article the burning question among the colored women of the South is not a question of suffrage, nor a question of theology, but a question of another room in the house. * * * John Page Hopps in *The Coming Day*, published in LONDON, commenting on Howells' recent assault on the double nuisance of men's spitting and women's hats, says: "We venture to say that nine-tenths of the fashionable hats and bonnets of the day, with their bottle brushes and birds' wings, are artistically unmeaning as they are decoratively ugly and vulgar."

HELPING HANDS.—One of the latest things is the "The Women's Rest Tour Association" of BOSTON, whose business it is to help women have a good time for little money. They have "proved that two hundred and fifty dollars is sufficient to enable a woman of taste to enjoy a summer of rest in England." Not unless the woman takes along with her a restful mind. You cannot buy a rest, not even in England. * * * The Elizabeth Peabody House is a Kindergarten Settlement in BOSTON. This ought to succeed for it bears a name which Kindergarteners will conjure by. * * * The mayor of BALTIMORE has appointed two women on the alms house board. * * * Lord Rowton of LONDON has put up a second model lodging house for working men, which contains six hundred and seventy-seven rooms, each lighted with a window, furnished with iron bedsteads, comfortable bedding, chairs, shelves, etc. The rooms rent for about eighty cents a week, the room carrying with it the privileges of a well-stocked reading room, library, bath rooms and a lodgers' scullery, where one may cook his own food. Dominoes, chess, smoking room, good pictures, but no cards. And this man makes his buildings pay. Where, oh, where, is the American capitalist who will venture hard work with the enthusiasm of speculator to make this kind of a speculation pay? * * * Do you want to know about the Burnham Industrial Farm, where boys are regenerated by plenty of out-of-doors; a reasonable amount of work and a military promptness? Write for the *Altruistic Interchange* for April, published at 70 Fifth avenue, NEW YORK. * * * NEW YORK is going to have what they already have in BOSTON, an "Emergency and Hygiene Association," which, by courses of forty lectures, make "trained at-

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tendants on the sick," not trained nurses, a cheaper but a rarer kind of helpers. * * * D. O. Mills of New York is trying the tenement house experiment alluded to above. Ernest Flagg, the architect, is designing two buildings with a capacity of two thousand guests. They will furnish room at twenty cents per day. * * * "The Poor in Great Cities," a three-dollar illustrated book, is a good book to study. * * * The Swedenborgians of Brooklyn have opened a public library and reading room.

Correspondence.

Newburyport, Mass., Apr. 5th, 1896.
To the Editor of THE NEW UNITY:

I wish respectfully to protest against the carelessness which makes many people as liberal and intelligent as the writers for this paper help, instead of opposing, the persistent effort of orthodox Congregationalists to monopolize the word Congregational, and set it in opposition to the word Unitarian; as if Unitarians were not as thoroughly Congregational as themselves. See bottom of page 78 of THE NEW UNITY. Please let a word to the wise suffice to prevent a repetition of this blunder. The offenders in this matter are "Orthodox Congregationalists," and should be so mentioned when it is needful to speak of them.

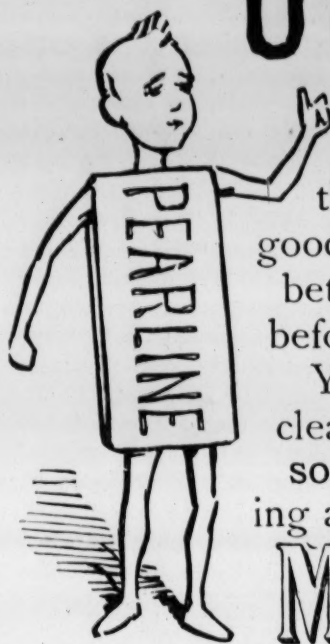
Charles K. Whipple.

Old and New.

Pan.

In forest deep on leafy bed:
Oh, softly tread.
Hum lullaby, O drowsy bee:
In charmed silence every tree
His watch is keeping.
Oh, softly tread: great Pan is sleeping.
Hark! Pan is waking!
A shiver through the leaves is creeping
Before the breeze.
Oh, see the Hamadryads peeping
Behind the trees.
Their trunks glow ruddy in the sun,
And hark! the blackbirds one by one
The silence breaking
With flute-like note; for Pan is waking.
—Ethel R. Barker.

"Little Leaders," by Wm. Morton Payne (Way & Williams), is composed of editorial articles contributed to *The Dial* that excellent organ of criticism which attests the culture of Chicago, and has shown itself a power for good, especially in the sphere of education. Some of its best papers on this important subject are reprinted in "Little Leaders," where their frankness, good sense and thoroughness attract and convince the judicious reader. Mr. Payne deprecates the prevalence in the United States of a low standard of education—a condition which he attributes to the "narrow practicality" of democratic ideals as displayed under the present school regime. So, in matters of criticism, he de-



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precates all merely subjective "touchstones," demanding the adoption of a single standard, and that the highest. Mr. Payne's practice conforms to his preaching, as readers of *The Dial* well know. A student and interpreter of the best modern literature, welcoming each new and wholesome intellectual impulse, whatever its origin, he bases his criticism upon the "fundamental principles of art" as manifested in the "accepted masterpieces" which are a part of the world's heritage. His own style is notable for its workmanlike quality—its precision, directness and "plain neatness." The memorial essays which close the volume afford fresh proof of the author's taste and intelligence. Mr. Payne has given us a thoughtful and helpful book.—*The Critic*.

From the address of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, ex-Governor of Virginia, at the commencement of the Carlisle Indian School, February 27, 1896.

As I rise here to talk to this audience under the blue sky which beams above your beautiful valley, many events of an eventful life crowd before me. When I left my Alma Mater at West Point, I came here to perform my first duty as a young officer of cavalry of the United States army. I drilled recruits upon this parade ground necessary for the purpose of discipline and to give the military education necessary to go into the army of the United States. Later I was ordered to Texas upon the western frontier, and there became acquainted with the red rovers of the western prairies. It became my fortune to get into a combat with the Indians, and to-day I bear a scar upon my person from the fast flying arrow of a Comanche.

Later on, the red battle ax of war was raised, with the cannon roaring through this valley, and rifles flashing. It then became my fortune to come past this town on my way to the battlefield of Gettysburg. It also became my fortune to ask the commanding officer of this town to surrender the town, and he declined. That question one way or the other would have been settled next day, but I had not received orders to move on to Gettysburg.

When I was here as a United States army officer I received a warm welcome at the firesides of your people, which I have not forgotten. But when I came here as a rebel officer of the civil war, I dare say you would have taken my life or disowned me; but that is war.

I went down into the town to-day and saw a great many of my old friends and former acquaintances, and I was not Governor Lee or General Lee, but Fitz, just as I was when Charley May was superintendent of the Recruiting Station at Carlisle.

Once while my skirmish line was moving up town, a soldier went into a house, because it was dark, and brought out a photograph, and said, "General, here is your photograph that I found upon a table in a house in this town."

I was telling the story to-day, and a gentleman said: "That is my photograph. It was at my house that you got it, and I want it back."

So I will send it back.

That is peace. When I was here before it was war.

Everything has changed, and I believe with Governor Hastings that it is a great country; and it is our duty to support this great flag and make it the glory of America and a blessing to humanity.

If we are to have a common country, common laws, a common flag, we must all do our full share toward building up this great republic.

I got into a little difficulty with the United States some years ago, and as a mark of that difficulty, I have a scar on my person given me by the bullet of a federal soldier, and I have another scar that I got when defending the flag in Texas.

The United States Congress is here to-day by its representatives; the Indians are here to-day, and I have survived my troubles with both and am here to-day to testify to the great pleasure I have derived from seeing the progress made by the Indian race and to bear my humble tribute to the crown which had been placed upon the brow of Capt. Pratt and his assistants, each jewel of which sparkles with success.

A writer in the *Revue des Sciences Naturelles* makes the following calculations in regard to the work done by the honey bee: When the weather is fine, a worker can visit from 40 to 80 flowers in six or ten trips and collect a grain of nectar. If it visits 200 or 400 flowers, it will gather 5 grains. Under favorable circumstances it will take a fortnight to obtain 15 grains. It would, therefore, take it several years to manufacture a pound of honey, which will fill about 3,000 cells. A hive contains from 20,000 to 50,000 bees, half of which prepare the honey, the other half attending to the wants of the hive and the family. On a fine day, 16,000 or 20,000 individuals will, in six or ten trips, be able to explore from 300,000 to 1,000,000 flowers, say several hundred thou-

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sand plants. Again, the locality must be favorable for the preparation of honey, and the plants that produce the most nectar must flourish near the hive. A hive inhabited by 30,000 bees may, therefore, under favorable conditions, receive about two pounds of honey a day. On August 16, says a correspondent in *Science Gossip*, we took a quantity of honey in frames from the tops of the hives (super honey). The hives are in an orchard at the bottom of the garden. When cleared of bees the frames of comb are usually carried through the garden to a disused cottage at a distance of seventy yards from the nearest hive. On arriving here we found a number of bees, which had preceded us, flying round the cottage awaiting the arrival of the combs, which, however, still remained in the clearers in the orchard. No honey had been taken since June 21st last, and no bees had been noticed near the cottage in the interval.—*Scientific American*.

Speaking of the lesson of patience, helpfulness and perseverance which can be taught only by disappointment, the *Australian Weekly* tells the following incident in the early career of Jenny Lind: In her twenty-first year she came to Paris to take lessons from the great maestro, Signor Garcia. She had already taken a high place at Stockholm, having been made a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music in 1840, and a court singer in the same year. When she waited on Signor Garcia that he might test her voice before receiving her as a pupil, the trial was a complete failure. It was indeed a crushing blow when the maestro said: "It would be useless to teach you, mademoiselle; you have no voice left." She told Mendelssohn years afterward, that the anguish of that moment exceeded all that she had ever suffered in her whole life. Yet with a stout heart she determined to try again. Moved by her distress, Garcia said she might come to him again after six weeks, if during that time she gave her voice complete rest, not singing a single note, and speaking as little as possible. How did she spend those weary weeks? Knowing that if she succeeded she would have to sing one day in Italian and French, she devoted herself to the thorough study of those languages. Her next voice trial was a success, and thenceforward she rose rapidly into fame. That bitter disappointment was perhaps one of the most necessary parts of her training for her subsequent career.—*Exchange*.

"An eminently noteworthy dog," says the *Denver Republican* "is in Denver—noteworthy because of the circumstance that some time ago he became heir in his own right to a fortune of \$50,000. The money was willed for his care by his master, a wealthy and aristocratic Philadelphian named Davis. He is in Colorado by the advice of his physician, a well-known veterinarian of the Quaker city, who hoped the mild climate and dry atmosphere would benefit the health of the opulent canine invalid. With the fox

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The Yale *Record* quotes a professor as saying to his class: "Gentlemen, instead of the ordinary recitation this morning I will substitute a written examination. [Great excitement: two men near the door cut during the disturbance.] I am a great believer in the honor system, so I will not exercise any supervision over you. However, for convenience, I will have you sit two seats apart. Although I have implicit confidence in your honor, I will divide the class into two divisions and give each alternate row a different question. You will please bring your notebooks to my desk and leave them there, lest they get in your way and interfere with your writing. While the examination goes on I will stroll around the room, not for purposes of supervision, but simply to benefit my liver. The examination will now begin."

Queen Margaret, of the Muna Islands, in the South Pacific, is dead. Of course this is of little importance outside of her small territory; but the event has an interest of its own. She was the granddaughter of Francis Young, an English sailor, who landed at the Island of Tau, fifty years ago, and married the native queen. In 1891, through the deaths of all the heirs apparent, Margaret was called upon to rule, when she was nineteen years old.

Chief Justice Charles Doe, of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, was stricken with paralysis in the depot at Rollinsford, March 9, and died almost immediately. Judge Doe was sixty-six years of age and was considered one of the ablest jurists in the United States. He enjoyed the distinction of having been the only New England judge ever quoted by the British courts. At the time of his death he was on his way to Concord to attend the law term of the S.

In speaking of the poet Verlaine, who recently died in Paris, The *Outlook* says: "In some respects Verlaine recalls Villon, whose unquestioned genius was allied to every form of moral profligacy and unworthiness; who was once a great poet and a thief; and of whose strangely confused character, Mr. Stevenson has given us such a striking study. Verlaine has a vein of purest poetry in him, and has written some things of exquisite delicacy and purity, not to say of religious feeling. At other times he wrote verses fit only for a saturnalia."

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